THE CRADLE OF LIBERTY Switzerland, that is, Not the Besten

Imitation-St. Fridelin, the Jungfran, and Other Natural Curiosities.

By WARK TWAIN.

Convertable, 1802, by S. L. Clement

INTERLANCE, Switzerland, -It is a good many wars since I was in Switzerland last. In at remote time there was only one ladder railway in the country. That state of things is all changed. There isn't a mountain in Switzerland now that hasn't a ladder railroad or two up its back like sus penders; in-beed, some mountains are latticed with them, and two years hence all will be. In that day the peasant of the high altitudes will have to carry a lantern when he goes visiting in the night to keep from stumbling over railroads that have been built since his t round. And also in that day, if there shall remain a high altitude peasant whose potato patch hasn't a railroad through it, it will make im as conspicuous as William Tell.

How ver there are only two best ways to travel through Svitzerland. The first best is affort, the second best is by open two-horse enriege. One can come from Lucerne to Inclaken over the Brunig by ladder railroad in an hour of so now, but you can glide smoothly, through in a carriage in ten. and have two hours for lunchoon at noon. For luncheon, not for rest. There is no fatigue connected with the trip. One arrives fresh in spirit and in person in the evening-no fresh in his heart, no grime on his face, no grit in his hair, not a cinder in his eye. This is the right condition of mind and body, the right and due preparation for the solomn event which closes the day-standing with metaphorically uncovered head into the presence of the most impressive mountain mass that the globe can show-the Jungfrau.

The stranger's first feeling, when suddenly confronted by that towering and awful apparition wrapped in its shroud of snow, is breath-taking astonishment. It is as if heavon's gates had swung open and exposed the

laken Nothing going on-at least nothing but brilliant life-giving sunshine. There are floods and floods of that. One may properly speak of it as "going on." for it is full of the suggestion of activity: the light pours down with energy, with visible outhusiasm. This is a good atmosphere to be in, morally as well as physically. After trying the political atmosphere of the neighboring monarchies, it is healing and refreshing to breathe an air that has known no taint of slavery for 600 years, and to come among a people whose political history is great and fine, superlatively great and fine, and worthy to be taught in all pols and studied by all races and peoples. For the struggle here throughout the centuries has not been in the interest of any private family, or any church, but in the interest shelter and protection of all forms of belief.

of the whole body of the nation, and for shelter and protection of all forms of belief. This fact, is colossal. If one would realize how colossal it is, and of what dignity and maleary, let him contrast it with the purposes and objects of the Crusades, the slege of Troy, the wars of the lieses, and other historic comedies of that sort and size.

Inst week I was beating around the lake of the Four Cantons, and I saw Rutil and Altorf, itself is a remote little patch of a meadow, but I do not know how any piece of ground could be holior or better worth crossing oceans and continents to see, since it was there that the great trialty of switzerland joined hands six centuries and and swore the oath which set their enslayed and swore the oath which set their enslayed and insuited country forever free. And after is also hondrable ground and worshipful since it was there that William, surnamed Tell (which, interpreted, means "the foils talker," that is to say, the toil daring talker), refused to bow to Gessier's hat. Of late years the prying studient of history has been delighting himself beyond measure over a wonderful find which his apple from his son's head. To hear the austion of whether Tell shot the apple of the subject of the was important matter; whereas it ranks in importance exactly with the question of whether Washington chopred down the charry tree or didn't. The deeds of Washington the pariot are the essential thing, the charry tree jacident is of no consequence. To prove that Tell did shoot the semile from his didn't was an important matter; whereas it ranks in importance exactly with the question of whether Washington chopred down the cherry tree or didn't. The deeds of Washington the patiest are the essential thing, the cherry tree incident is of no consequence. To prove that Toll did shoot the apple from his am's head would merely prove that he had be ter nerve than most men, and was as skifful with a bow as a million others who preceded and followed him, but not a whit more so. But Toll was more and better than a more cool head; he was a type; he shalls for swis; patriotism; in his person was represented a whole people; his shift was their spetti was not a sufficiency of them at fatti, there was not a sufficiency of them at fatti, there was not a man, but a work of man, spettif was not a man, but a woman. Settiffacer's wife. There she looms, dim and great, through the baze of the centuries, believed which was not a man, but a woman. Settiffacer's wife. There she looms, dim and great, through the baze of the centuries, delivering into her husband's ear that gossel of reyelf which was to bear fruit in the conspiracy of Buti and the birth of the first free government the world had ever seen.

From this Victoria Hotel one looks straight across a flat of trifling width to a loty mountain barrier, which has a gatoway in it shaped like an inverted pyramid, beyond this gatoway arises the vast bilk of the first free government the world had ever seen.

From this victoria Hotel one looks straight across a flat of trifling width to a loty mountain barrier, which has a gatoway in it shaped like an inverted pyramid, beyond the sky. The gatoway is not a first from for the great picture. The sember frame and the glowing snew his area is a summiss. And their grandeur is dominated and trails of effect.

It is a so i nume Jungfen with the pure in

It is said that Fridolin (the holy Fridolin), a eaint now, but formerly a missionary, gave the mountain its gracious name. He was an frishman, son of an frish king-there were 30,000 kings refering in county Cork alone in his time, 1000 years age. It got so that they could not make a living there was so much e impetition and wages got cut so. Some of then were out of work months at a time. with wife and little children to feed, and not a erust in the place. At last a particularly severe winder fell upon the country, and hundreds of this a were reduced to mendicancy, and were to be seen day after day in the bittorest weather, standing barofoot in the snow, holding dot their crowns for aims. Indeed. they would have been obliged to emigrate or starve but for a fortunate idea of Prince Fridolin's, who started a labor union, the first one in history, and got the great bulk of them to join it. He thus won the general gratitude, and they wanted to make him Emperor-Emparar over them all-Emperor of county Cork, but he said no, walking delegate was good enough for him. For behold, he was molest beyond his years, and keen as a whip. To this day, in Germany and Bwitzerland, where St. Fridolin is revered and nored, the peasantry speak of him affec-

honored. The peasantry speak of him affectionately as the first walking delegate.

The first walk he took was into France and Germany missionarying—for missionarying was a better thing in those days than it is in ours. Alf-you had to do was to cure the head savage's sick daughter by a "miracle"—a miracle like the miracle of Lourdes in our day, for instance—and immediately that head savage was Gour convert, and filled to the exact with a new convert's entiresisem. You could all downstood make yourself easy, now. Me would take an axe and convert the rost of the

nation himself. Charlemagne was that kind of a walking delegate.

Yes, there were great missionaries in those days, for the methods were sure and the rewards great. We have no such missionaries how, and no such methods.

But to continue the history of the first walking delegate if you are interested. I am interested myself because I have seen his relies at Sackingen, and also the very spot where he worked his greatest miracle—the one which won him his saintship in the Papal court a few conturies later. To have seen these things makes me feel very near to him, almost like a member of the family, in fact. While wandering about the Continent he arrived at the spot on the lihine which is now occupied by Sackingen, and proposed to settle there, but the neople warned him of. He aprealed to the King of the Franks, who made him a present of the whole region, people and all lie built a great cloister there for women, and proceeded to teach in it and accumulate more land. There were two wealthy brothers in the neighborhood. Urso and Jandulph. Urso died, and Fridolin claimed his estates. Iandulph asked for documents and papers. Fridolin had none to show. He said the bequest had been made to him by word of mouth. Landulph suggested that he produce a witness, and said it in a way which he thought was very witty, very sarcastic. This shows that he did not know the walking delegate. Fridolin was not disturbed. He said:

"Appoint your court. I will bring a witness."

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The court was created. It consisted of fitteen counts and barons. A day was appointed for the trial of the case. On that day the Judges look trairs east in state, and proclamation was made that the court was ready for business. Five minutes, ten minutes, fifteen minutes passed, and you no Fridolin appeared. Landulph rose, and was in the act of claiming judgment by default when a strange clacking sound was heard coming up the state. In another moment Fridolin entered at the further door, and came walking in a deep hush flown the middle aisle with a tall skeleton stalking in his rear.

Amazement and terror sat upon every countenance, for everybody suspected that that skeleton was Urso's. It stopped before the chief Judge, and raised its bony arm aloft and began to speak, while all the assembly shuddered, for they could see the words leak out from between its rips. It said:

"Brother, why doot thou disturb my blossed rest and withhold by robbery the gift which I gave for the honor of God?"

It seems a strange thing and most irregular, but the verdict was actually given against Landulph on the testimony of this wandering rack heap of unidentified bones. In our day a skeleton would not be allowed to testify at all; for a skeleton has no moral responsibility, and this was probably one of them. However, the incident is valuable as preserving to us a curious sample of the quaint laws of evidence of that remote time—a time so remote, so far back toward the beginning of evolution out of original idicey that the difference between a hench of Judges and a basket of vegetables was as yet so slight that the may say with all confidence that it didn't really exist.

During several afternoons I have been

bench of Judges and a basket of vegetables was as yet so slight that we may say with all confidence that it didn't really exist.

During several afternoons I have been engaged in an interesting and maybe useful pieco of work—that is to say. I have been trying to make the mighty Jungfrau earn her living—earn it in a most humble sanker, but on a prodigious scale, on a prodigious scale of necessity, for she couldn't do anything in a small way with her size and style. I have been trying to make her do service as a stupendous dial, and check off the hours as they glide across her pallid face up there against the sky, and tell the time of day to the populations lying within fifty miles of her, and to the people in the moon, if they have a good telescope there.

Lutil late in the afternoon the Jungfrau's aspect is that of a spotiess desert of snow set upon edge against the sky. But by midafternoon some elevations, which rise out of the western border of the desert, whose presence you perhaps had not detected or suspected up to that time, begin to cast black shadows castward across that gleaming surface. At first there is only one shadow; later there are two. Toward 4 P. M. the other day I was gazing and worshipping, as usual, when I chanced to notice that shadow No. I was beginning to take to itself something of the shape of a human profile. By 4 the back of the head was good, the military cap was pretty good, the nose was bold and strong, the upper lip sharp, but not pretty, and there was a great goatee that shot straight aggressively forward from the chin.

At 4:30 the nose had changed its shape considering the shape of naked rock, which was so located as to answer very well for a shoulder or cat collar to this swarthy and indiscret awetheart who had stolen out there right before overplody to fillow his head on the virgin's white breast and whisper soft senting this child of the earth, who lives in the sky, and that day is far back that only the day tof the shape of the probably afraid of him: and before primerval m

and go before the restless little creature, of whose face this stupendous Shadow Face was the prophecy, would arrive in the earth and begin his shabby career and think it a big thing. Oh, indeed, yes; when you talk about your poor Roman and Egyptian day-before-yesterday antiquities, you should choose a time when the hoary Shadow Face of the Jungfrau is not by. It antedates all antiquities known or imaginable; for it was here the world itself created the theatre of future antiquities. And it is the only witness with a human face that was there to see that marvel, and remains to us a memorial of it.

By 4:40 P. M. the nose of the shadow is perfect and is heautiful. It is black and power-erfully marked against the uprightcanwas of glowing snow and covers hundreds of acres of that resplendent surface.

Meantime shadow No. 2 has been creeping out well to the rear of the face—wost of it—and at 5 o'clock has assumed a shape that has rather a poor and rude semblance of a slice.

Meantime, also, the great Shadow Face has

sentime, also the great shadow rose has been gradually changing for twenty minutes, and now, 5 P. M., it is becoming a quite fair portrait of Roseoc Conkling. The likeness is there, and is unmistakable. The goates is there, and is unmistakable. The goates is shortened now and has an end; formerly it hadn't any, but ran off eastward and arrived nowhere.

there, and is unmistakable. The goates is shortened now and has an end; formerly it badn't any, but ran off castward and arrived nowhere.

By B. M. the face has dissolved and gone, and the goates has become what looks like the shadow of a tower with a pointed roof, and the shadow of a tower with a pointed roof, and the shadow of a tower with a pointed roof, and the shadow of a tower with a pointed roof, and the shadow of a tower with a pointed roof, and the shadow of a tower with a pointed roof, and the shadow of a tower with a finger pointing.

If were now imprisoned on a mountain summit a hundred miles northward of this point and was denied a timepiece I could get along well enough from 4 till 6 on clear days, for I could keep track of the time by the changing shapes of these mighty shadows on the Virgin's front, the most stupendous dial I am acquainted with, the oldest clock in the world by a couple of million years.

I suppose I should not have noticed the forms of the shadows if I hadn't the habit of hunting for faces in the clouds and in mountain crags—a sort of an usement which is very entertaining, even when you don't find any, and brilliantly satisfying when you do, I have searched through several bushels of photographs of the Jungfrau here, but found only one with the Face in it, and in this case it was not strictly recognization as a face, which was evidence that the picture was taken before 4 in the afternoon; and also evidence that lithe photographers have persistently overlooked one of the most fascinating features of the Jungfrau should be a should be a serior of the most fascinating features of the Jungfrau here, you never get tired of watching it. At first you can't make another person see it at all; but after he has made it out once he can't so anything elses afterward.

The King of Greece is a man who goes around quietly enough when off duty. One day this summer he was travelling in an ordinary first-class compartment, just in his other suit, the one which he works the realm in when he is at

"No."
"Do you speak Greek?"
"Yes."
"Now, ain't that strange! I never expected to live to see that. What is your trade? I mean how do you got your living? What is your line of business?"
"Well. I hardly knew how to answer. I am only a kind of foreman, on a salary; and the business—well, it's a very general kind of business."
"Yes. I understand—general jobbing—little of everything—anything that there's money in."

money in."
"That's about it, yes."
"Are you travelling for the house now?"
"Well, partly, but not entirely. Of course I do a stroke of business if it falls in the "Good, I like that in you! That's me, every time. Go on." going to say I am off on my "Well, that's all right, no harm in that; a man works all the better for a little lat-up

now and then. Not that I've been used to having it myself, for I haven't. I reckon this is my first. I was born in Germany, and when I was a couple of weeks old shipped for America, and I've been there ever since, and that's sixty-four years by the watch. I'm an American in principle and German at heart, and it's the boss combination. Well, how do you got along, as a rule—pretty fail?

"I we a rather large family—"
"I we a rather large family, and trying to raise them on a salary. Now, what did you go and do that for?"

"Well. I thought—"
"Go course you did. You were young and confident, and thought you could branch out and make things go with a whirl, and here you are, you see! But never mind about that. I'm not trying to dissourage you. Dear me, I've been just where you are myself. You've got good grit; there's good stuff in you, I can see that. You got a wrong start, that's the whole trouble. But you hold your grip, and we'll see what can be done. You rease ain't half as bad as it might be. You are going to come out all right—I'm bail for that. Boys and grits?"

"My [amily? Yes, some of them are boys—"
And the rest girls. It's just as I expected. But that's all right, and it's better so, any way. What are the boys doing, learning a trade to fall back on. Now. I was a harness-maker at first. Did that prevent me from becoming one of the biggest browers in America? Oh, no, I always had the Ingrees tries to fall back on in rough weather. Now if you had learned how to make harness—however, it's too late, now; too late, and it's no good plan to ery over split milk. But as to the boys, ou see—what's to become of them if anything happens to you?"

"It has been my idea to let the eldest one succeed me—"
Oli, come! Suppose the firm don't want him?"

"It has been my idea to let the eldest one succeed me—"
"Oh, come! Suppose the firm don't want him?"
I hadn't thought of that, but—"
"Now, look here; you want to get right down to business and stop dreaming. You are capable of immense things—man, you can make a perfect success in life; all you want is some-pody to steady you and boost you along on the right road. Do you own anything in the business?"

right road. Do you wan anything in the business?"

No-not exactly: but if I continue to, give entistaction I suppose I can keep my—"

"Keep your place-yes. Well, don't you depend on anything of the kind. They'll bounce you the minute you get a little old and worked out: they'll do it, sure. Can't you manago somehow to get into the firm? That's the great thing, you know."

"I think it is doubtful; very doubtful."

"Um—that's bad—yes, and unfair, too. Do you suppose if I should go there and have a talk with your people—look here—do you think you could run a brewery?"

"I have never tried, but I think I could do it after I got a little familiarity with the business."

I have never tried, but it have never tried, but it got a little familiarity with the business."

The German was silent for some time. He did a good deal of thinking, and the King waited with curiosity to see what the result was going to be. Finally the German said:

"My mind's made up. You leave that crowd —you'll never amount to anything there. In these old countries they never give a fellow a show. Yes, you come over to America—come to my place in Rochester; bring the family along. You shall have a show in the business and the foremaship besides. George-you said your name was George?—I'll make a man of you. I give you my word. You've never had a chance here, but that's all going to change-by gracious. I'll give you a lift that'll make your hair cur!"

SINAT'S FAMOUS MOUNT.

Greek Monks on the Slope of the Heavy Summit where Moses Received the Law.

Mr. Charles Grad is the latest traveller to Mount Sinal and its famous monastery, where a few monks of the Greek Church lead an isolated life. The mountain is called also Mount Horeb, and its Arabic name is Djebel Muça, or Mount of Moses. The story of Mr. Grad's visit to the sacred mountain is published in Le Tour du Monde and is illustrated with views of the sandy desert and barren mountains of the Sinal peninsula. Sinal is not visited often by travellers. Some scholars who have explored the mountains assert that one or another summit is more likely to have been the Sinal of the Jews than the mountain which the Greek monks believe was the eminence shook with thunders as Moses ascended it. tradition which makes the mountain on whose side the monastery stands the true Sinal.



ST. CATHERINE MONASTERS.

There is no settlement for many miles around. It is a region of sandy valleys and bald granite mountains. On all sides of the monastery rise naked hills of gray stone. There is not a particle of vegetation except in the garden adjoining the monastery, where the tops of a few cypress trees rise above the raised into the monastery by means of a pulley. Now, however, the gate is kept open.

walls. The time was when strangers were raised into the monastery by means of a pulier. Now, however, the gate is kept open. The monks no longer have to contend with comemics as in earlier days, when the Arabs sought to annihilate them.

Within the lofty walls are several buildings separated by narrow, dark alleys. The walls are pierced for muskets and cannon, and a few cannon are mounted on them. They are objects of curiosity, but could do little harm to an enemy. The two most conspicuous buildings are the church and the chapol of the Burning Bush, where, according to the local tradition, God spoke to Moses. The library was once very rich in treasures but its rarest manuscripts have been carried away. There Tischendorf found the text of the Gospols which is known now under the name of the C. Mr. Grad learned that while the monks were friendly and hospitable they accepted with pleasure the money he offered for his entertainment. The convent is now very poor, and subsists largely on aims. There are only thirteen monks, most of them natives of the Grecian Isles, and well advanced in years. Their white beards of unusual length give them a venerable aspect. Fresh blood is introduced now and then, and when Mr. Grad visited the monastery in 1881 two young men had just arrived, having consecrated themselves to the life of phous isolatior. Few buildings in civilized lands are as old as some of the structures within these walls. The monastery was founded in the sixth century, and the church, built during that epoch, is standings in civilized lands are as old as some of the structures within these walls. The monastery was founded in the sixth century, and the church, built during that epoch is standings in civilized lands are as old as some of the structures within these walls. The monastery was founded in the land of grave men give themselves to the contemplation of the things of eternity. They have renounced the pleasures of life and are devoted to their monastery the monastery the monastery the monastery of the saint



wielding the scalpel or expounding the statute. The chief disadvantage which militates against her success is that while the woman student usually has less money than the man it costs her more to pursue her studies at any of the great art centres. She must live in a respectable locality and take her meals in re-spectable eating houses, and for these refine-ments of life she must pay equally respectable prices. The man student loses nothing in so-cial or artistic standing on account of his residence or environment. He is not exacting in the small refinements of living, and dines like a prince in a common beer garden. He sub-mits gracefully to keeping his top hat, if he has one, on the shelf with his coffee pot, while his loaf and cheese find honorable place among his brushes and charcoals. The woman must dress better than the man, pay almost twice as much for her

clothing, and expend double the amount of time and nerve force in adjusting it with the simple neatness that distinguishes the wo-In the Paris schools a woman pays twice as much money for half as much instruction-Her weekly fees are double those paid by the men, and the instructors visit her classes but once each week to twice a week at the men's classes. Finally, a woman rarely

the continuous, systematic, and extended study that lays the foundation for strong and

original work.

The first question to be considered by the ambitious young woman from Denver or wherever, who has painted some daisies on a banner and feels the fire of genius burn, is how and where she shall study. New York is which the ambitious artist travels, and in one of the four great schools of the city finds out how little she knows of the Art that is spelled with a capital A. If the girl has little money and a modest ambition to become a designer of dadoes rather than of dresses, or a teacher of art instead of fractions, she tries te enters Cooper Union, that haven prepared for worthy young women. If she has already attained sufficient technical skill to pass the competitiveexaminations at the

Academy of Design she school, where after the payment of a small entrance fee instruction is free. There are no elementary classes, no teachers to finish and retouch the work of students, and instruction is given entirely by lecture and criticism.
Applicants for admission submit to the school committee a shaded drawing from the plaster cast, and

promotions to the life class depend upon the IF MY ILLUSTRIOUS GRANDcommittee's approval somes could see as now of a submitted drawing of the full length statue. In the school of the Metropolitan Museum, as the instruction is not free, the conditions of membership are less exacting than those of the Academy, the only requisites being a letter of introduction from some resident of good standing. and specimens of the student's work. However. the concensus of artistic opinion gives the Art Students' League the preference over all other schools in this country, not only for superior technical training to the beginner. but for broad artistic culture. In the founding of the league women played an important part, and in its privileges women share equally with men except they are not among the instructors.

The first year of the girl student's life is not one of unalloyed happiness. Heroic measures are adopted at the league to destroy the buoyancy of conceit upon which the untrained artist floats in imagination to the summit of fame's citadel. The girl whose studies in color and portraits of the relatives have adorned the and portraits of the relatives have adorned the home parlor is put to work upon the prosaic drawing of block hands and feet. The interested friends at home meanwhile make life cheerful for her by writing for some of her pictures, to see how she is getting along. Vexatious are the privations she endures to make the little sum of money she has begged from the family income or hoarded up for herself cover the expenses of city life, where it is the unnecessaries, gloves, art fare, books, little spreads, &c., and not the necessaries that spoil the best calculations in economy. Board bills and tuition fees that meet her squarely in the face she is ready for. meet her squarely in the face she is ready It is the unexpected that phases her.



ART STUDENTS AT HOME.

stows herself away under the caves of some boarding house, in a fireless, cheeriess hall bedroom, in one of the clean little closets of the "Salvation Hotels," as the irreverent League girl nicknames the Young Woman's Christian Association boarding houses, or begins the process of slow starvation in what is known as "boarding herself." Two or three girls sometimes room togother, and with an upturned bandbox for a table and a lamp for a stove have the wildest kind of cocoa and cracker revels. One happy thing about the art student is that she refuses to suffer the wear and tear of hiding her poverty. Two girls from some of the proudest homes of the old Nouth entertained their class all one year relating their economies and describing their liver and polato banques. "If my distinguished grandmother could see me now," said one of them at dinner, as she impaled a sausage on a hat pinto lift if from the saucepan and deposited it on the bit of brown paper that did duty for a platter. The petty miseries and privations are not alleviated by any touch of what the world calls heroic or romantic. No struggling woman genius has been obliged as yet to sell her hair and front teeth, like fantine, for desorating menu cards and scent sachets brings in more money. Having abandoned the idea that her superior genius precludes the necessity of technical training she goes to work so jously and conselentiously op simple subjects to learn correct proportion. If she can't learn it that way she is put in the modelling class and handles actual

WOMEN WHO LIVE BY ART.

WHAT'A GIRL STUDENT MUST DO TO SUCCEED AS AN ARTIST.

Long Years of Study in the Leagues and Schools — Sometimes a Struggle with Poverty — Essentials of Success — Her Home and Her Studio — Some of the Women in New York Who Have Succeeded.

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The artist as a type is brave, plucky, and soif-reliant, and endowed with some in proportion to her serving class in which she is the only comma, she joins and goes home unattended, but as free from harm as the lion-guarded Cina. However, the greatest admirers of her determination advise her not to come to New York for study billore she is Rt. and not to expect to make herself comfortable here on less than \$500 for board, coffees, and tuition during the yoarly session of the schools.

Let her stay another year and another, was the answer. But the young art enthusiant is ty llisting alred with ambition for foreign study. Things are too new and clean in astructors. The great make the same of the work of all the young art enthusiant is ty llisting alred with ambition for foreign study. Things are too new and clean in America, she will tell you. Art that its art has got to have dust on it. And so in search to sea the league free with Julien, and the sea the sea the sea the sea to be a farly and study the sea of the sea



HOW TO MAKE TWO COUNT FIVE.

women have separate schools in Parls now, but are taught by the same masters. Two things are essential to successful study, good health and a perfect understanding of the language. Studies are badly ventilated, and the climate is trying for an American. If a student cannot speak the language she is not in sympathy with the professor, and fails to get the best of his advice and instructions. American girls can, and some young girls do study in Parls without a chaperon, as they do in New York; but many of the women who went unattended themselves admit that they would not like to have their daughters go alone. In point of expense it costs a woman about \$1,000 a year to be comfortable in Parls, and to enjoy all the advantages the city affords for study, but it has been and is done on \$300 and even on \$500 a year ty women who have a genius for economy as well as for art. As in New York, it costs a woman more than a man. A man can live on two frances a day. He is invited out more, which saves fuel and food too. He spends less for clothes, for really in the Parlsian students code it smacks of vulgarity to wear expensive clothing. Men spend their evenings about the city, too, while of course a woman must remain at home at the cost of lights and fuel. Studios rent cheaper in Parls than in New York, and model hire is cheaper. The mistake the novice



usually makes when she first goes abroad is that of sticking to her easel all day, instead of painting but half a day and visiting galieries during the remainder. In one respect the women students have the advantage of the men, for they are better housekeepers and have no scruples as men have against dishwashing. The art of daily pienicking is made easy in Parls, for you are always within half of your butcher, your baker, and your candlestick maker, and when two or three girls are gathered together there is a deal of fun and comfort in the Bohemian housekeeping.

The serious study of art involves attention to subjects outside the technique governing line and color. A thorough knowledge of history, of literature, of national characteristics, and of human nature is essential in the conception of original work and in avoiding anachronisms in its execution. Ten years of hard study is recommended as the preparation requisite for the full development of that natural genius without which no amount of training can result in artistic work; but in



DRAWING FROM THE CAST.

this proparation periods of production alternate with periods of study, and the work of the gifted student may be well hung in the Salon or the Academy before she has finished her novitiate. Few women have means or time for this exhaustive study, and to this may be attributed all the lack of originality and strength in their subsequent work.

Having completed her preliminary training the woman artist opens her studio, and a fascinating place it is, whether it is located in the garret of a business block or in the handsome apartments of the studio buildings. A woman is bound to be a home centre and to create a home atmosphere about her gown bears evidences of contact with the brush which rofuse to submit to the insidious persusasiveness of benzine. This home element and a certain classified order in disorder, a studied carolessness which results in pictures queness rather than confusion, distinguishes the woman's studio from the man's atteller.

Now comes the practical test. Will she be successful? She will not accumulate a fortune in the first decade of her career, neither will her pictures command fabulous prices as investments. But the work of women artists is continually increasing in originality and importance, is well hung in the exhibitions, and sells for prices from which many women realize handsome incomes.

Several cases sire known among married artists where the wile does better work and commands the hister prices of the two. One capable woman, who has no care outside his art. And wild work keeps here also but the dinners and makes here own genes cares but the dinners and makes here own genes cares but the dinners and makes here own genes cares but the dinners and makes here own genes cares but the dinners and makes here own genes cares but the dinners and makes here own genes has a woman. If a man, the production of pashings, where the substantian and wild have because of the resources and makes here own genes and in the summary in the not succeed it is because he lacks to use to depart a summary of

at the Salon. Her work is almost entirely in figures and portraits, poasant girls and street urchins being smeon her favorite subjects. Louise King is the only woman artist besides Miss Pheins who is at all known as a painter of the nude, for though most of the artists that excel in figures study from the nude model none exhibits har studies.



Another figure painter of talent is Marias Brooks, an English woman who has taken up her residence in New York, and is making a name and honorable place in New York art circles. She was a student in the South Kensington Art Schools, and her pleaures have been for many years well received and well hung in the Royal Academy in London, Among the important works in her studio are "Wayfarers," a large canvas showing a group of wanderers at rest on a moor which is painted with realistic force and skill, and "Down Piccadilly," a 'bus load of English maldens returning from Covent Garden with baskets of flowers. But Miss Brooks is better known by her charming studies of little girls, which sho paints in great variety of pose and type with most inappy effect. Dora Wheeler Keith is equally successful in decorative design, portrait, and genre work. Chase and Bougueres where her masters, and her most important work is a series of portraits of the men and women of the day, which she has been at work on for some time, which includes pictures of Howells, Warner, James, Aldrich, and others equally well known. Her Academy, pictures have been "Will o' the Wisp" and "Blackberrying." Amands Brewster Sewell has won the Dodge prize for the best work in the Academy, and has exhibited at the Salon. She is a strong portrait painter, and has recently shown some Algerian studies which were pronounced exceedingly good by the critics. To the struggling artist Mrs. Sewell's story reads TIRED OF THE BLOCK HANDS AND PERT.





The Legend of Standing Rock.

Prem the Heleas Independent.

While on the tric through North Dakota, on which he got the plece of the cabin, Inspector Watkins was told by the Indian agent at Standing Rock Agency the legend of the stone from which the place gets its name.

Years ago, according to the Indian tradition, a buck and his squaw wore on a journey down the Missouri Hiver to visit some relatives at a distant point. Where Fort Yates now is the buck saw a young squaw of surprising beauty, with whom he fell desperately in love. In spite of the tears and entreaties of his lawful wife, he refused to proceed on the journey or in any other direction, but resolved to stay right there with his new-found passion. The deserted squaw exhausted her entreaties and her tears and finally arose to leave the place alone. As she did so she fell back in the spot where she had been sitting and turned to stone. There she has remained ever since, a standing reproach to her faithless lord and master and to all his kind. By a faint stretch of the imagination the standing rock from which the agency gets its name can be made to take on the outlines of a woman.

The Indians believe the story and pay homage to the monument of man's perfidy and fickleness, and woman's constancy. While the inspector was at Fort Yates he saw an Indian approach the rock, bow reverently, and lay something at its base. When the Indian had gone, the inspector and the agent went out to see what the offering was. It was a chew of tobacco, no heavy sacrifice, it might be said; but perhaps it was the last the Indian had. From the Helma Independent.

The Origin of a Gambler's Expression.

The Origin of a Cambler's Expression.

Prom the Helicas Independent.

"There must be a dead Indian under the house." How many times that has been said across the gambling table in Helena! And yet how few people know the origin of the expression! Its meaning was well known, however, as nobudy was heard to use it unless the cards were against him.

Kill, for all that, a dead Indian, or what was left of him after his dust had mingled with the soil his forefathers owned. lay under one of the gambling houses of Helena from the time ago. In digging the foundation for the Exchange, in the early days of the town, an Indian grave was found. Bather than disturb the hones the builder concluded to left them rest there. The house went up, rad for years the cards were shuffled and dealt over the last resting place of the real man. The proprieter of the house knew he was there, and whenever lack ran against the game it became the castom of the dealers to lay the brame on the "deal Indian." By and by people who were playing against the bank took up the expression, and when a steady run of 1.1 lack tedlowed them it was the castom to remark. "There must be a dead Indian under the house." Twice within the past six montas the Exchange has closed its doors for lack of funds or other wifficient causes. When the present owner decided to improve the aniding he concluded that he would move the lutino, and it was done.

A Reusenable Inference. From the Indianopolis Journal.

A story in London Truth begins with this sentence: "Why Arthur Hisluck went to the bar was a mystery." If the gentleman's name is my indication, he went because he was invited.

NEVADA'S ROAD AGENTS

EXPLOITS OF SOME DARING AND NOTA-BLE HIGHWAYMEN.

The Palmy Days of Shipping Builton in Singe Conches-Al Waterman's Sincered-Rallway Trains and the Problem They Ralsed-Its Successful Solution.

From the San Francisco Chronic's Some of the Nevada road agents had physiognomies that indicated native viciousness and deprayity, but the majority of them were of the good citizen type to which they belonged until accident sent them off at a tangent, while Jack Davis, the most notorious of them all, might readily have been mistaken for a studious professional man or a elergyman of ex-traordinary placidity and meckness. They were good neighbors, pleasant acquaintances, and associated on an equal footing with the leading men of their respective communities until the prison door closed suddenly upon them and interrupted the friendly intercourse.

The Judges, lawyers, and bankers of the Comstock, when sitting down to a stiff game of poker, could have welcomed no one more warmly to a seat than they did Jack Davis.

From the time the stages began carrying their immense loads of builton from the mines and bringing large shipments of specie in re-turn, stage robbing became one of the most

ria. Brooks. an English young who has training a grant of the web. a study have been been well of the stress been been many years well resolved dry. Among the important works in his case of the control of the control

mained in Reno to receive Chapman's measures, and the others in the foothlis of the Sierra. On Nov. 4, 1870, came this message:

For R. J. Jones Copital Rivers, Row:

Jones immediately took, the despatch to the rendezvous, and that afternoon the robbers proceeded by different routes to a strong oulvert on the line of the railroad near Hunter's crossing, where Jones was left with the guas and tools, while the others proceeded to Verdi, about four miles away. The understanding was that the main party would bring the engine and express car down to the culvert, but in the event they should pass it without stopping, Jones was to obstruct the track to prevent pursuit, and follow on horseback with the guns and tools. When the enstern-bound train arrived at Verdi, about 1 o'clock in the morning, the robbers boarded it. uncoupled the passenger coaches, took possession of the origine, the mail and express car, and compelled the engineer to run down the track and the messenger ordered out and placed under guard with the fireman is the mail car, a guard being kept over the engineer to an advise the mail car, a guard being kept over the engineer do and the messenger ordered out and placed under guard with the fireman is the mail car, a guard being kept over the engineer do run down the men hastily divided the plunder and departed in different directions. Davis going toward virginia City, after burying \$20.00 near-Hunter's bridge, while the others mostly struck for the mountains. But within a week every one of the robbers had been captured and all the montains. But within a week every one of the orders are also the first arrests, and his work was supplemented Davis who have a placent of the others are different firm and the first orders. Officer Morrow Carlot and made the first arrests, and his work was supplemented Davis while tolk fing and launching with and crossed of the supplemented the robbers had been captured and all the montains. But within a supplemented Davis when the supplemented the perfect of the supplemented t